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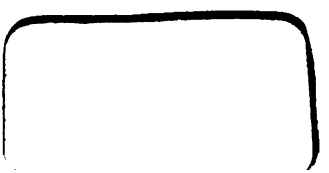

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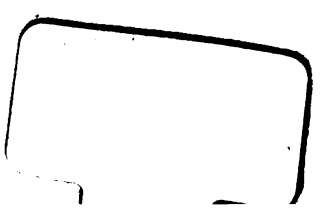

PETRARCA.

Charlotte Coll
Petrarca, Canzoniere, Sonetti, English
& Mesurier

TRANSLATIONS

CHIEFLY

FROM THE ITALIAN

OF

PETRARCH AND METASTASIO.

Amor, che, ſenza frutto,
Di lagrime e lamenti ognor ſi paſce.

ARIOSTO.

The tyrant Love his ſway maintains
By feeding on his ſubjects' pains,
Gives but to few his joys to ſhare,
And daſhes e'en their cup with care.

OXFORD:
Printed for J. COOKE;
And ſold by Meſſrs. ROBINSON, RIVINGTON, and EGERTON, London.
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The Reader is desired to correct the following material Errata, occasioned chiefly by the Author's being absent when the Work was printed.

P. 5. l. 5. for *Or read* read *Of all*
P. 29. l. 1. for *gain* read *know*
P. 35. l. 4. for *Re-echo* read *Re-echoes*
P. 45. l. 15. for *see* read *learn*
P. 55. l. 11. for *And* read *Still*
P. 57. l. 3. for *joy* read *toy*
—— l. 13. for *mem'ry* read *memory*
P. 67. l. 3. for *forbids my heart* read *forbids my feet*
P. 73. l. 3. for *ground* read *plains*
P. 85. l. 5. for *I've fought* read *I trace*
—— l. 6. for *didst* read *dost*
P. 87. l. 3. for *fell* read *felt*

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Tranſlations (with a very few exceptions) were written many years ago, and at that early age, when the mind is particularly alive to the ſenſations deſcribed by Petrarch, Metaſtaſio, and Zappi.

This is not mentioned as an excuſe for their faults: the moment a man determines to publiſh, he muſt abandon all ſuch ground of apology. Thus much only is ſaid for the ſake of thoſe readers who may think that it is not every period of life, at which it is becoming or reaſonable to be buſied upon ſuch ſubjects. Indeed private gratification alone was originally in view: and this would not be doubted, if it were known to how few theſe verſes have been communicated during a period of thirteen or fourteen years.

WOR 19 FEB '36

Whatever degree of merit may belong to theſe Tranſlations, it conſiſts chiefly in their cloſeneſs to the Origi-

nals. That a reference ſhould be made to theſe, was therefore very deſirable, and on that account alone they are added. The different books in which they are ſcattered, might not be within the reach of every reader.

It has always been the opinion of the Tranſlator, that, in a work of this kind, not only the ſenſe of the Author was to be faithfully rendered, but the peculiarity of his manner, and the very colouring of his ſtyle, were to be preſerved as much as poſſible. He has therefore made no attempt at embelliſhment, and only in the two trifles from Taſſo and Arioſto admitted ſome amplification. This too, it is hoped, will account ſatisfactorily to the Italian reader for the roughneſs, and perhaps baldneſs, of ſome of the lines. More poliſh or ſpirit was not to be had, without too great a departure from the Originals.

TRANSLATIONS

CHIEFLY FROM THE ITALIAN,

* * * * * *

O THOU of Wiſdom and of Fancy born,
And nurs'd by Virtue, ſince that happy day
When firſt, in pity to the race forlorn
Of men, Heav'n bade thee be, and beam a ray
This various life's myſterious ſcene t' adorn;
O Muſe belov'd! of thee how wrongly they
Conceive, who, big with worldly knowledge, ſcorn
Thy ſons, as loſt in more than thriftleſs play.
For not to me haſt thou refus'd to dwell
With Prudence, or with call untimely broke
My uſeful hours, but when around me fell
Miſchance, of force almoſt the ſoul t' impel
From her right courſe, thy balms could blunt each ſtroke,
And ſooth this breaſt, and with glad triumph ſwell.

TO MISS MARY ******

WITH PETRARCH.

WHILE half thy ſex in this alone agree,
Their own frail forms to court at ſelf-love's ſhrine;
Be this thy mirrour: here, Maria, ſee
What once was Laura's boaſt, and ſtill is thine:
The decent grace of native purity
That in each action ſpeaks, each look divine,
Taſte, wiſdom, modeſt love, and ſympathy,
How bright in Petrarch's muſe their glories ſhine!
So might I too, illum'd by thy bright ray,
To future times the glad example bear!—
Glaſs ſoon may break; nor will the image ſtay
Whene'er the mimick'd object turns away;
While forms reflected in the Muſe will ne'er
By abſence vaniſh, or by time decay.

DAL PETRARCA.

PARTE PRIMA.

SONNETTO PRIMO.

VOI, ch' aſcoltate in rime ſparſe il ſuono
Di quei ſoſpiri ond' io nudriva il core
In ſul mio primo giovenile errore,
Quand' era in parte altr' uom da quel ch' i' ſono:
Del vario ſtile, in ch' io piango, e ragiono,
Fra le vane ſperanze, e'l van dolore:
Ove ſia chi per prova intenda amore,
Spero trovar pietà, non che perdono.
Ma ben veggi' or, sì come al popol tutto
Favola fui gran tempo: onde ſovente
Di me medeſmo meco mi vergogno:
E del mio vaneggiar vergogna è 'l frutto,
E'l pentirſi, e'l conoſcer chiaramente,
Che quanto piace al mondo è breve ſogno.

Parte prima] The Sonnets are numbered according to the laſt edition by Zapata.

SONNETS FROM PETRARCH.

PART I.

SONNET I.

O YE, who lift re-echoed in my ſtrain
Thoſe ſighs, with which I fed my heart's fond cares,
Through the wild wand'rings of my youthfu years,
When I was ſcarce the ſame I now remain:
Of all the various ſtyle, in which I plain,
And tell my fancied hopes, my fancied fears,
If he love's pow'r have felt my verſe who hears,
Pardon, nay pity too, he'll ſurely deign.
And late I feel how to the country round
A common tale I grew, in memory
Of which full oft aſham'd I bow my head;
And of my folly all the fruit I've found
Is ſhame, and to repent, and clearly ſee
How all our joys of ſhort-liv'd dreams are bred.

SONNETTO VII.

LA gola e 'l ſonno, e l' ozioſe piume
Hanno del mondo ogni virtù ſbandita,
Ond' è dal corſo ſuo quaſi ſmarrita
Noſtra natura vinta dal coſtume:
Ed è sì ſpento ogni benigno lume
Del ciel, per cui s' informa umana vita,
Che per coſa mirabile s' addita
Chi vuol far d' Elicona naſcer fiume.
Qual vaghezza di Lauro? qual di Mirto?
Povera e nuda vai Filoſofia,
Dice la turba al vil quadagno inteſa.
Pochi compagni avrai per l' alta via;
Tanto ti prego più, gentile ſpirto
Non laſſar la magnanima tua impreſa.

SONNET VII.

SLEEP and intemp'rance, and the ſlothful bed
Each nobler virtue from the world have chas'd,
That nearly now in cuſtom's bands debas'd
Our nature from her courſe away is led:
So far each ſpark of heav'nly light is fled,
By which alone life's darkling path was trac'd,
That vulgar crowds deride th' exalted taſte
Which by fair Helicon's pure ſtream is fed.
« What frenzy thus a barren wreath endears?
« Forſaken go the Muſes, cold and bare:"
Each ſlave of ſordid wealth inſulting cries—
But few with thee the arduous taſk will ſhare:—
Yet oh! do thou the rather ſpurn thy fears,
Nor ſhrink, bright ſpirit, from the bold empriſe.

SONNETTO XIX.

MILLE fiate, o dolce mia guerrera
Per aver co' begli occhi voſtri pace,
V' aggio proferto il cor; m' a voi non piace
Mirar sì baſſo con la mente altera:
E ſe di lui fors' altra donna ſpera;
Vive in ſperanza debile e fallace;
Mio, perchè ſdegno cio ch' a voi diſpiace:
Eſſer non può giammai, coſi com' era.
Or s' io lo ſcaccio, ed e' non trova in voi
Nell' eſilio infelice alcun ſoccorſo,
Nè ſa ſtar ſol, nè gire ov' altri il chiama,
Poria ſmarrire il ſuo natural corſo:
Che grave colpa fia d' ambeduo noi,
E tanto più di voi, quanto più v' ama.

SONNET XIX.

FULL many a time and oft, my lovely foe,
A ſhort-liv'd truce with your fair eyes to gain,
I've proffer'd you my heart; but you diſdain
With that exalted mind to look ſo low.
And if upon it other fair beſtow
A ſingle thought, loſt is that thought and vain,
For mine, as once, it can no more remain,
Since I muſt hate what can diſpleaſe you ſo.
Then if I drive it out, nor, as he ſought,
Can the poor exile meet with aid from you,
Nor ſtays, nor whither call'd by others, moves;
His nat'ral courſe he may no more purſue;
Which were of both of us a grievous fault,
And much the moſt of you, whom moſt he loves.

SONNETTO XXVIII.

SOLO e penſoſo i più diſerti campi
Vo miſurando a paſſi tardi e lenti;
E gli occhi porto per fuggir intenti
Dove veſtigio uman la rena ſtampi.
Altro ſchermo non trovo che mi ſcampi
Dal manifeſto accorger delle genti:
Perchè negli atti d'allegrezza ſpenti
Di fuor ſi legge com' io dentro avvampi:
Sì, ch' io mi credo omai, che monti, e piagge,
E fiumi e ſelve ſappian di che tempre
Sia la mia vita: ch' è celata altrui.
Ma pur sì aſpre vie, nè sì ſelvagge
Cercar non ſo, ch' amor non venga ſempre
Ragionando con meco, ed io con lui.

SONNET XXVIII.

ALONE, and loſt in thought, the deſert glade
Meaſuring I roam with ling'ring ſteps and ſlow;
And ſtill a watchful glance around me throw,
Anxious to ſhun the print of human tread:
No other means I find, no ſurer aid
From the world's prying eye to hide my woe:
So well my wild diſorder'd geſtures ſhow,
And love-lorn looks, the fire within me bred,
That well I deem each mountain, wood and plain,
And river knows, what I from man conceal,
What dreary hues my life's fond proſpects dim.
Yet whate'er wild or ſavage paths I've ta'en,
Where'er I wander, love attends me ſtill,
Soft whiſp'ring to my ſoul, and I to him.

SONNETTO XXXIX.

IO ſentia dentr' al cor gia venir meno
Gli ſpirti, che da voi ricevon vita:
E perchè naturalmente s' aita
Contra la morte ogni animal teneno;
Larga' il diſio, ch' i' teng' or molto a freno;
E miſi 'l per la via quaſi ſmarrita:
Però che dì, e notte indi in' invita;
Ed io contra ſua voglia altronde il meno.
E' mi conduſſe vergognoſo e tardo
A riveder gli occhi leggiadri; ond' io
Per non eſſer lor grave, aſſai mi guardo.
Vivrommi un tempo omai: ch' al viver mio
Tanta virtute ha ſol un voſtro ſguardo:
E poi morrò, s' io non credo al diſio.

SONNET XXXIX.

I NOW perceiv'd that from within me fled
Thoſe ſpirits to which you their being lend;
And ſince by nature's dictates to defend
Themſelves from death all animals are made,
The reins I loos'd, with which Deſire I ſtayed,
And ſent him on his way without a friend;
There whither day and night my courſe he'd bend,
Though ſtill from thence by me reluctant led.
And me aſham'd and ſlow along he drew
To ſee your eyes their matchleſs influence ſhow'r,
Which much I ſhun, afraid to give you pain.
Yet for myſelf this once I'll live; ſuch pow'r
Has o'er this wayward life one look from you;—
Then die, unleſs Deſire prevails again.

SONNETTO XLI.

PERCH' io t' abbia guardato di menzogna
A mio podere, ed onorato aſſai,
Ingrata lingua, gia però non m' hai
Renduto onor, ma fatto ira e vergogna:
Che quanto più 'l tuo aiuto mi biſogna
Par dimandar mercede, allor tu ſtai
Sempre più fredda: e ſe parole fai
Sono imperfette, e quaſi d' uom che ſogna.
Lagrime triſte, e voi tutte le notti
M' accompagnate, ov' io vorrei ſtar ſolo;
Poi fuggite dinanzi alla mia pace.
E voi, ſi pronti a darmi angoſcia e duolo,
Soſpiri, allor traete lenti e rotti.
Sola la viſta mia del cor non tace.

SONNET XLI.

BECAUSE from lying ſtill I thee have ſtayed
Whene'er I could, and honour'd to my beſt,
Ungrateful tongue; me haſt thou never grac'd
With honour, but with ſhame and ſcorn repaid.
And when unhappy I moſt need thy aid
To ſue for love and pardon, thou doſt reſt
Moſt cold and uſeleſs, and, if aught's expreſs'd,
'Tis broken, and as ſounds in dreaming made.
And you, ſad tears, the live-long night ye go
With me along, when fain I'd be alone;
Then fly me, when my peace your ſtay requires.
And you, ſo ready oft to ſwell my moan,
Ye ſighs, then ſcarce are heard, ſtifled and low:
Only my face ſpeaks my heart's warm deſires.

SONNETTO LXIX.

ERANO i capei d' oro all' aura ſparſi,
Che' n mille dolci nodi gli accolgea:
E'l vago lume oltra miſura ardea
Di quei begli occhi ch' or ne ſon sì ſcarſi:
E'l viſo di pietoſo color farſi
Non ſo ſe vero, o falſo mi parea:
I' che l'eſca amoroſa al petto avea,
Qual meraviglia ſe di ſubit' arſi?
Non era l' andar ſuo coſa mortale,
Ma d' angelica forma; e le parole
Sonavan altro, che pur voce umana.
Uno ſpirto celeſte, un vivo ſole
Fu quel ch' i' vidi; e ſe non foſſe or tale;
Piaga per allentar d' arco non ſana.

SONNET LXIX.

LOOSE to the breeze her golden treſſes flow'd
Wildly in thouſand mazy ringlets blown,
And from her eyes unconquer'd glances ſhone,
Thoſe glances now ſo ſparingly beſtow'd.
And true or falſe, meſeem'd ſome ſigns ſhe ſhow'd
As o'er her cheek ſoft pity's hue was thrown;
I, whoſe whole breaſt with love's ſoft food was ſown,
What wonder if at once my boſom glow'd?
Graceful ſhe mov'd, with more than mortal mien,
In form an angel: and her accents won
Upon the ear with more than human ſound.
A ſpirit heav'nly pure, a living ſun,
Was what I ſaw; and if no more 'twere ſeen,
T' unbend the bow will never heal the wound.

SONNETTO XCVIII.

QUEL vago impallidir, che 'l dolce riſo
D' un' amoroſa nebbia ricoperſe,
Con tanta maeſtade al cor s' offerſe,
Che li ſi fece incontr' a mezzo 'l viſo.
Conobbi allor, ſiccome in paradiſo
Vede l' un l' altro; in tal guiſa s' aperſe
Quel pietoſo penſier, ch' altri non ſcerſe:
Ma vidi l' io, ch' altrove non m' affiſo.
Ogni angelica viſta, ogn' atto umile
Che giammai in donna ov' amor foſſe, apparve,
Fora uno ſdegno a lato a quel ch' i' dico.
Chinava a terra il bel guardo gentile;
E tacendo dicea (come a me parve)
Chi m' allontana il mio fedele amico?

SONNET XCVIII.

THAT charming paleneſs, that o'erclouding threw
O'er her bewitching ſmiles a love-ſick ſhade,
Came with ſuch winning majeſty arrayed,
That forth my raviſh'd heart to meet it flew.
How ſaints greet ſaints in paradiſe I knew
From that bleſt hour, ſo lively was diſplayed
That tender ſentiment none other read;
But I, who ſtill from her my being drew.
Each angel look, each condeſcending grace
That can on ladies' cheeks, when kindeſt, play,
Compar'd to this, would cold diſdain appear.
She bent to earth her gentle beauteous face,
And in expreſſive ſilence ſeem'd to ſay,
"Who from my ſide my faithful friend would tear?"

SONNETTO CXXIX.

LIETI fiori, e felici e ben nate erbe,
Che madonna penſando premer ſole;
Piaggia, ch' aſcolti ſue dolci parole,
E del bel piede alcun veſtigio ſerbe;
Schietti arboſcelli, e verdi frondi acerbe;
Amoroſette e pallide viole;
Ombroſe ſelve, ove percote il ſole,
Che vi fa co' ſuoi raggi alte e ſuperbe;
O ſoave contrada; o puro fiume,
Che bagni 'l ſuo bel viſo, e gli occhi chiari,
E prendi qualità dal vivo lume:
Quanto v' invidio gli atti oneſti e cari!
Non fia in voi ſcoglio omai che per coſtume
D' arder con la mia fiamma non impari.

SONNET CXXIX.

GLAD flow'rs and herbs, that on your favour'd bed,
Where penſive oft ſhe ſits, my lady bear;
Plains, that of her ſweet voice the accents hear,
And of her lovely foot preſerve the tread;
Shrubs trimly ſhap'd, leaves green and crude that ſpread,
Ye violets, pale and love-lorn that appear:
And ye, thick woods, that high and proudly rear,
Cheer'd by the ſun's enlivening beams, your head;
O thou ſweet country; and thou limpid ſtream,
That, as ſhe bathes, o'er all her charms canſt rove,
And borroweſt of that living light a gleam;
How does each chaſte dear act my envy move!
No rock have you, but by long uſe ſhall ſeem
To ſhare my flames, and burn with my hot love.

SONNETTO CLXXIII.

RAPIDO fiume; che d' alpeſtra vena
Rodendo intorno, onde 'l tuo nome prendi,
Notte e di meco deſioſo ſcendi
Ov' amor me, te ſol natura mena;
Vattene innanzi: il tuo corſo non frena
Nè ſtanchezza, nè ſonno: e pria che rendi
Suo dritto al mar; fiſo, ù ſi moſtri, attèndi,
L' erba più verde, e l' aria più ſerena:
Ivi è quel noſtro vivo e dolce ſole
Ch' adorna e 'nfiora la tua riva manca;
Forſe (o che ſpero!) il mio tardar le dole.
Baciale 'l piede, o la man bella e bianca:
Ditte; il baciar ſie 'n vece di parole;
Lo ſpirto è pronto, ma la carne è ſtanca.

The ſpirit is willing] — Here the Italian Commentator gravely remarks, that Petrarch appears not to underſtand what the Scripture means by "the fleſh" and "the ſpirit." This application of Scriptural texts

SONNET CLXXIII.

RIVER, that from the Alps impetuous drove,
Eating, thence juſtly nam'd, thy winding way,
Eager with me runn'ſt onward night and day,
Thou call'd by nature only, I by love:
Purſue thy courſe; for thou doſt never prove
Fatigue or ſleep: yet ere its due you pay
Back to the ſea, ſtop, where the fields diſplay
More green the graſs, more pure the ſky above:
There does our ſun, all bright and glorious, live,
Cheer thy left bank, and with gay flow'rets ſtreak;
Haply (vain hope!) ſhe at my ſtay may grieve.
Kiſs her fair beauteous hand, her footſteps lick:
Say, while of words th' intent thy kiſſes give,
The ſpirit is willing, but the fleſh is weak.

texts is perhaps more excuſable in Petrarch, than in Pope; but not, I conceive, juſtifiable in either, notwithſtanding any pains taken to defend it. See the Dunciad, book i.

SONNETTO CLXXXVIII.

S' UNA fede amoroſa, un cor non finto,
Un languir dolce, un deſiar corteſe;
S' oneſte voglie in gentil foco acceſe;
S' un lungo error in cieco laberinto:
Se nella fronte ogni penſier dipinto,
Od in voci interrotte appena inteſe,
Or da paura, or da vergogna offeſe;
S' un pallor di viola e d' amor tinto;
S' aver altrui più caro che ſe ſteſſo;
Se lagrimar e ſoſpirar mai ſempre;
Paſcendoſi di duol, d' ira, e d' affanno;
S' arder da lunge, ed agghiacciar da preſſo;
Son le cagion ch' amando i' mi diſtempre:
Voſtro, Donna, 'l peccato, e mio fia 'l danno.

SONNET CLXXXVIII.

IF faith in love, a heart that ne'er betrays,
Sweetly to languiſh, ſoftly to deſire;
If wiſhes pure lit up with gentle fire;
If long to wander in a wildering maze;
If every thought that thus the front diſplays,
Or broken accents that can ſcarce tranſpire,
Too oft repreſs'd as fear or ſhame require;
If paleneſs, where love paints the violet's rays;
If holding others than one's ſelf more dear;
If ſtill to pour the tear, to heave the ſigh;
With grief, with anger, or with care to pine;
If when afar to burn, to freeze when near;
If theſe the cauſes love-ſick that I lie,
Yours, lady, be the fault, the loſs be mine.

SONNETTO CCX.

CHI vuol veder quantunque può natura
E'l ciel tra noi; venga a mirar coſtei;
Ch' è ſola un ſol, non pur agli occhi miei
M' al mondo cieco, che vertù non cura.
E venga toſto; perchè morte fura
Prima i migliori, e laſcia ſtar i rei;
Queſta aſpettata al regno degli Dei
Coſa bella mortal paſſa e non dura.
Vedia, s' arriva a tempo, ogni virtute,
Ogni bellezza, ogni real coſtume,
Giunti in un corpo con mirabil tempre.
Allor dirà, che mie rime ſon mute
L' ingegno offeſo dal ſoverchio lume,
Ma, ſe più tarda, avrà da pianger ſempre.

SONNET CCX.

HE who would ſee the utmoſt heav'n can do
With nature join'd, to ſee her let him haſte
Who not by me alone a ſun's confeſs'd,
But the vain world, who virtue never knew—
And let him loſe no time, for the good few
Death ſnatches firſt, and leaves the guilty reſt;
Thus fair, and waited for among the bleſs'd,
Mortal ſhe is, and ſoon will 'ſcape our view.
Each virtue then, if quick enough he come,
Grace and exalted manners ſhall he find,
By one fair form in beauteous order worn.
Then ſhall he ſay my rhimes are weak and dumb,
As the too mighty blaze o'erpower'd my mind:
But, if too late, his loſs he ſtill ſhall mourn.

SONNETTO CCXXIII.

QUAL donna attende a glorioſa fama
Di ſenno, di valor, di corteſia,
Miri fiſo negli occhi a quella mia
Nemica, che mia donna il mondo chiama.
Come s' acquiſta onor, come Dio s' ama,
Com' è giunta oneſtà con leggiadria,
Ivi s' impara; e qual' è dritta via
Di gir' al ciel, che lei aſpetta e brama.
Ivi 'l parlar, che nullo ſtile agguaglia;
E'l bel tacere, e quei ſanti coſtumi
Ch' ingegno uman non può ſpiegar in carte.
L' infinita bellezza, ch' altrui abbaglia,
Non vi s' impara: che quei dolci lumi
S' acquiſtan per ventura, e non per arte.

SONNET CCXXIII.

FEELS any fair the glorious wiſh to ~~gain~~ know
Of ſenſe, of worth, of courteſy the praiſe?
On thoſe bright eyes attentive let her gaze
Of her, miſcall'd my love, but ſure my foe.
Honour to gain, with love of God to glow,
Virtue more bright how native grace diſplays,
May there be learn'd; and by what ſureſt ways
To heav'n, that for her coming pants, to go.
The converſe ſweet beyond what poets write
Is there; the winning ſilence, and the meek
And ſaint-like manners man would paint in vain.
The matchleſs beauty, dazzling to the ſight,
Can ne'er be learn'd: for bootleſs 'twere to ſeek
By art, what by kind chance alone we gain.

DAL PETRARCA.

PARTE SECONDA.

SONNETTO PRIMO.

OIME il bel viſo; oimè il ſoave ſguardo:
Oimè il leggiadro portamento altro;
Oimè 'l parlar ch' ogni aſpro ingegno e fero
Faceva umile, ed ogni uom vil gagliardo;
E oimè il dolce riſo, ond' uſcio 'l dardo
Di che morte altro bene omai non ſpero;
Alma real, degniſſima d' impero,
Se non foſſe fra noi ſceſa sì tardo.
Per voi convien ch' io arda, e 'n voi reſpire:
Ch' i pur fui voſtro, e ſe di voi ſon privo,
Via men d'ogni ſventura altra mi dole.
Di ſperanza m' empieſte, e di deſire,
Quand' io partii dal ſommo piacer vivo;
Ma 'l vento ne portava le parole.

SONNETS FROM PETRARCH.

PART II.

SONNET I.

WOE for the 'witching look of that fair face!
The port, where eaſe with dignity combin'd!
Woe for thoſe accents, that each ſavage mind
To ſoftneſs tun'd, to nobleſt thoughts the baſe!
And the ſweet ſmile, from whence the dart I trace,
Which now leaves death my only hope behind!
Exalted ſoul, moſt fit on thrones to've ſhin'd,
But that too late ſhe came this earth to grace!
For you I ſtill muſt burn, and breathe in you;
For I was ever yours; of you bereft,
Full little now I reck all other care.
With hope and with deſire you thrill'd me through,
When laſt my only joy on earth I left:—
But caught by winds each word was loſt in air.

SONNETTO IV.

LA vita fugge, e non s' arreſta un' ora;
E la morte vien dietro a gran giornate;
E le coſe preſenti, e le paſſate,
Mi danno noia, e le future ancora;
E 'l rimembrar e l' aſpettar m' accora
Or quinci, or quindi sì, che 'n veritate,
Se non ch' i' ho di me ſteſſo pietate,
I' ſarei gia di queſti penſier fora.
Tornami avanti, s' alcun dolce mai
Ebbe 'l cor triſto; e poi dall 'altra parte
Veggio al mio navigar turbati i venti.
Veggio fortuna in porto, e ſtanco omai
Il mio nocchier, e rotte arbore e ſarte,
E i lumi bei, che mirar ſoglio, ſpenti.

SONNET IV.

LIFE paſſes quick, nor will a moment ſtay,
And death with haſty journeys ſtill draws near;
And all the preſent joins my ſoul to tear,
With every paſt and every future day:
And to look back or forward, ſo does prey
On this diſtracted breaſt, that ſure I ſwear,
Did I not to myſelf ſome pity bear,
I were e'en now from all theſe thoughts away.
Much do I muſe on what of pleaſures paſt
This woe-worn heart has known; meanwhile, t'oppoſe
My paſſage, loud the winds around me roar.
I ſee my bliſs in port, and torn my maſt
And ſails, my pilot faint with toil, and thoſe
Fair lights, that wont to guide me, now no more.

SONNETTO XI.

SE lamentar Augelli, o verdi fronde
Muover ſoavemente al aura eſtiva,
O roco mormorar di lucid' onde
S' ode d' una fiorita, e freſca riva;
La 'v' io ſeggia d' amor penſoſo, e ſcriva;
Lei che 'l ciel ne moſtrò, terra n' aſconde,
Veggio ed odo ed intendo ch' ancor viva
Di sì lontano a' ſoſpir miei riſponde
Deh perchè innanzi tempo ti conſume?
Mi dice con pietate; a che pur verſi
Degli occhi triſti un doloroſo fiume?
Di me non pianger tu, che miei di ferſi
Morendo eterni, e nell' eterno lume,
Quando moſtrai di chiuder gli occhi, aperſi.

SONNET XI.

SOFT plains each widow'd bird: in mazy rings
Wave the green leaves by ſummer breezes blown;
And the hoarſe murm'ring of the limpid ſprings,
Re-echo from their banks with flow'rs o'ergrown.
There where alone I muſe, and tune the ſtrings
To her, ſo early loſt, ere ſcarcely known;
That yet ſhe lives each ſenſe aſſurance brings,
E'en now from far ſhe anſwers to my moan.
"Ah! wherefore thus," I hear her as ſhe cries,
"In fruitleſs anguiſh waſte thy prime away?
"What cauſe this ſwelling ſtream of tears ſupplies?
"Weep not for me, for death but pav'd my way
"To endleſs life; and when I ſeem'd my eyes
"To cloſe, they open'd into endleſs day."

SONNETTO XXXV.

AMOR, che meco al buon tempo ti ſtavi
Fra queſte rive a' penſier noſtre amiche,
E per ſaldar le ragion noſtre antiche,
Meco e col fiume ragionando andavi.
Fior, frondi, erbe, ombre, antri, onde, aure ſoavi,
Valle chiuſe, alti colli, e piagge apriche,
Porto dell' amoroſe mie fatiche,
Delle fortune mie tante e sì gravi:
O vaghi abitator de' verdi boſchi;
O ninfe, e voi che' l freſco erboſo fondo
Del liquido criſtallo alberga e paſce:
I miei di fur sì chiari, or foſchi, e neri
Come morte che'l fa: coſi nel mondo
Sua ventura a ciaſcun dal di che naſce.

SONNET XXXV.

LOVE, that in happier days could'ſt meet me here
Along theſe meads that nurs'd our kindred ſtrains;
And that old debt to clear which ſtill remains,
Sweet converſe with the ſtream and me would'ſt ſhare:
Ye flow'rs, leaves, graſs, woods, grots, rills, gentle air,
Low vallies, lofty hills, and ſunny plains:
The harbour where I ſtor'd my love-ſick pains,
And all my various chance, my racking care—
Ye playful inmates of the greenwood ſhade;
Ye nymphs, and ye that in the waves purſue
That life its cool and graſſy bottom lends.
My days were once ſo fair: now dark and dread
As death that makes them ſo. Thus the world through
On each as ſoon as born his fate attends.

SONNETTO XXXVI.

MENTRE che 'l cor dagli amoroſi vermi
Fu conſommato, e 'n fiamma amoroſa arſe:
Di vaga fera le veſtigia ſparſe
Cercai per poggi ſolitari ed ermi:
Ed ebbi ardir cantando di dolermi
D' amor, di lei, che sì dura m' apparſe;
Ma l' ingegno e le rime erano ſcarſe
In quella etate a' penſier novi e 'nfermi.
Quel foco è morto; e 'l copre un picciol marmo:
Che ſe col tempo foſſe ito avanzando,
Come già in altri, infino alla vecchiezza;
Di rime armato, ond' oggi mi diſarmo,
Con ſtil canuto avrei fatto parlando
Romper le pietre, e pianger di dolcezza.

SONNET XXXVI.

WHILE on my heart the worms conſuming prey'd
Of love, and I with all his fire was caught;
The ſteps of my fair wild one ſtill I ſought
To trace o'er deſart mountains as ſhe ſtray'd:
And much I dar'd in bitter ſtrains t' upbraid
Both love and her, whom I ſo cruel thought;
But rude was then my genius, and untaught
My rhimes, while weak and new th' ideas play'd.
Dead is that fire; and cold its aſhes lie
In one ſmall tomb; which had it ſtill grown on
E'en to old age, as oft by others felt,
Arm'd with the power of rhime, which wretched I
E'en now diſclaim, my riper ſtrains had won
E'en ſtones to burſt, and in ſoft ſorrows melt.

SONNETTO XXXVII.

ANIMA bella, da quel nodo ſciolta
Che più bel mai non ſeppe ordir natura,
Pon dal ciel mente alla mia vita oſcura
Da sì lieti penſieri a pianger volta.
La falſa opinion dal cor s' è tolta,
Che mi fece alcun tempo acerba e dura
Tua dolce viſta: omai tutta ſecura
Volgi a me gli occhi, e i miei ſoſpiri aſcolta.
Mira 'l gran ſaſſo donde Sorga naſce,
E vedravi un che ſol tra l' erbe e l' acque
Di tua memoria, e di dolor sì paſce.
Ove giace 'l tuo albergo, e dove nacque
Il noſtra amor, vo' ch' abbandoni e laſce
Per non veder ne' tuoi quel ch' a te ſpiacque.

SONNET XXXVII.

BLEST ſoul, that looſen'd from thoſe bands art flown,
Bands than which nature none e'er form'd more fair,
Look down and mark how chang'd to carking care
From gladdeſt thoughts I paſs my days unknown.
Each falſe opinion from my heart is gone,
That once to me made thy ſweet ſight appear
Moſt harſh and bitter; now ſecure from fear
Here turn thine eyes, and liſten to my moan.
Turn to this rock whence Sorga's waters riſe,
And mark, where through the mead it's waters flow,
One who of thee ſtill mindful ceaſeleſs ſighs:
But leave me there unſought for, where to glow
Our flames began, and where thy manſion lies,
Leſt thou in thine ſhould'ſt ſee, what griev'd thee ſo.

SONNETTO XLII.

ZEFIRO torna e 'l bel tempo rimena
E i fiori, e l' erbe, ſua dolce famiglia;
E garrir Progne; e pianger Filomena:
E primavera candida e vermiglia.
Ridono i prati, e 'l ciel sì raſſerena;
Giove s' allegra di mirar ſua figlia:
L' aria e l' acqua e la terra è d' amor piena;
Ogni animal d' amar sì riconſiglia.
Ma per me, laſſo, tornano i più gravi
Soſpiri, che del cor profondo tragge
Quella ch' al ciel ſe ne portò le chiavi:
E cantar' augellatti, e fiorir piagge,
E'n belle donne oneſtè atti ſoavi
Sono un deſerto, e fere aſpre e ſelvagge.

SONNET XLII.

ZEPHYR returns, and the glad hours leads on
And flow'rs and fruits, his lovely family:
Procne 'gins prate and Philomel to moan;
And ſpring with gay and varied livery:
The meadows laugh, the ſky ſerene is grown;
His daughter Jove exults with joy to ſee;
O'er earth, ſeas, air, love's influence is ſhewn:
All animals again to love agree.
But to me, wretch, returning ſeaſons bear
More deep-drawn ſighs for her to heav'n who fled,
And of my heart the keys keeps with her there:
And birds that ſing, and plains that flow'ring ſpread,
And modeſt manners ſweet of ladies fair
A deſart ſeem, and ſavage beaſts and dread.

SONNETTO XLIII.

QUEL roſſignuol, che sì ſoave piagne
Forſe i ſuoi figli, o ſua cara conſorte,
Di dolcezza empie il cielo e le campagne
Con tante note sì pietoſe e ſcorte:
E tutta notte par che m' accompagne
E mi rammenti la mia dura ſorte;
Ch' altri che me non ho di cui mi lagne;
Che 'n Dee non credev' io regnaſſe morte.
O che lieve è ingannar chi s' aſſecura!
Quei duo bei lumi aſſai più che 'l ſol chiari
Chi pensò mai veder far terra oſcura?
Or conoſco io che mia fera ventura
Vuol che vivendo e lagrimando impari
Come nulla quaggiù diletta e dura.

SONNET XLIII.

YON nightingale, whoſe ſtrain ſo ſweetly flows
Mourning her raviſh'd young or much-lov'd mate,
A ſoothing charm o'er all the vallies throws
And ſkies, with notes well-tun'd to her ſad ſtate:
And all the night ſhe ſeems my kindred woes
With me to weep and on my ſorrows wait;
Sorrows that from my own fond fancy roſe,
Who deem'd a goddeſs could not yield to fate.
How eaſy to deceive who ſleeps ſecure!
Who could have thought that to dull earth would turn
Thoſe eyes that as the ſun ſhone bright and pure?
Ah! now what fortune wills I ſee full ſure:
That loathing life yet living I ſhould ſee
How few its joys, how little they endure!

SONNETTO XLIV.

NE per ſereno ciel ir vaghe ſtelle;
Nè per tranquillo mar legni ſpalmati,
Nè per compagne cavalieri armati;
Nè per bei boſchi allegre fere e ſnelle:
Nè d' aſpettato ben freſche novelle;
Nè dir d' amore in ſtili alti ed ornati;
Nè tra chiare fontane, e verdi prati
Dolce cantare oneſte donne e belle;
Nè altro ſarà mai ch' al cor m' aggiunga;
Si ſeco il ſeppe quella ſeppellire
Che ſola agli occhi miei fu lume e ſpeglio.
Noja m' è 'l viver sì gravoſa e lunga
Ch' i' chiamo il fine per lo gran deſcie
Di riveder cui non veder fu' l meglio.

SONNET XLIV.

NOR ſtars through heav'n's grey vault that twinkle clear,
Nor barks ſwift gliding through the level main,
Nor armed knights that prick along the plain,
Nor through thick woods the gay and bounding deer;
Nor tidings glad when firſt they ſtrike the ear,
Nor loftier notes to pour of love's ſoft reign,
Nor beauteous dames that tune their happier ſtrain
In verdant meads, or ſome pure fountain near;
Nor theſe or aught beſides can touch my heart,
So deep ſhe buried it and with her bore;
Who light and mirrour of my eyes had been.
Now ever do I wiſh from life to part;
Life ſo long loath'd by me; who pant once more
To ſee her, whom 'twere beſt I ne'er had ſeen.

SONNETTO XLVII.

TUTTA la mia fiorita e verde etade
Paſſava; è intepidir ſentia gia 'l foco
Ch' arſe 'l mio cor'; ed era giunto al loco
Ove ſcende la vita, ch' al fin cade:
Già incominciava a prender ſicurtade
La mia cara nemica a poco a poco
De' ſuoi ſoſpetti; e rivolgeva in gioco
Mie pene acerbe ſua dolce oneſtade:
Preſſo era 'l tempo dov' amor sì ſcontra
Con caſtitate; ed agli amanti è dato.
Sederſi inſieme, e dir che lor' incontra.
Morte ebbe invidia al mio felice ſtato:
Anzi alla ſpeme; e feglisi all' incontra
A mezza via, come nemico armato.

SONNET XLVII.

NOW of my life each gay and greener year
Paſs'd by, and cooler grew each hour the flame
With which I burn'd; and to that point we came
Whence life deſcends, as to its end more near;
Now 'gan my lovely foe each virtuous fear
Gently to lay aſide, as ſafe from blame;
And though with ſaint-like virtue ſtill the ſame,
Mock'd my ſweet pains indeed, but deign'd to hear.
Nigh drew the time when love delights to dwell
With chaſtity; and lovers with their mate
Can fearleſs ſit, and, all they muſe of, tell.
Death envied me the joys of ſuch a ſtate;
Nay ev'n the hopes I form'd; and on them fell
E'en in mid way, like ſome arm'd foe in wait.

SONNETTO XC.

VAGO augelletto che cantando vai,
Ovver piangendo il tuo tempo paſſato;
Vedendoti la notte e 'l verno a lato
E 'l dì dopo le ſpalle, e i meſi gai;
Se come i tuoi gravoſi affanni ſai,
Così ſapeſſi il mio ſimile ſtato;
Verreſti in grembo a queſto ſconſolato
A partir ſeco i doloroſi guai.
I' non ſo ſe le parti ſarien pari;
Che quella cui tu piangi è forſe in vita;
Di ch' a me morte e 'l ciel ſon tanto avari:
Ma la ſtagione e l' ora men gradita
Col membrar de' dolc' anni e degli amari
A parlar teco con pietà m' invita.

SONNET XC.

ENCHANTING bird, that of the bliſs thou'ſt known
Pour'ſt thy lorn tale or plaints that ſweetly glide,
Seeing the night and winter at thy ſide,
And all thy day and ſpring behind thee flown:
If, as thou know'ſt the cauſe that makes thee groan,
Thou knew'ſt alike my woes to thine allied,
Thou'd'ſt come in this ill-fated breaſt to hide,
And mix with mine thy melancholy moan.
Yet ill accord our loſſes when compar'd;
She yet may live whom ſorrowing thou haſt ſought;
While me all hopeleſs heav'n and death have barr'd:
But the ſad hour and ſeaſon, and the thought
Of all the ſweet and bitter years I've ſhar'd,
Sadly to talk with thee my mind has wrought.

DEL ARIOSTO.

ELEGIA IV.

PIACCIA a cui piace, e chi lodar vuol lodi,
E chiami vita libera e ſicura
Trovarſi fuor degli amoroſi nodi.

Ch' io per me ſtimo chiuſo in ſepoltura
Ogni ſpirto, ch' alberghi in petto, dove
Non ſtill' amor la ſua vivace cura.

Doglia a cui vuol doler, ch' ove ſi move
Queſto dolce penſier, che falſamente
E detto amaro, ogni altro indi rimove:

Elegy IV.]—The edition followed is Rolle's Satire e Rime, 1731.

FROM ARIOSTO.

ELEGY IV.

LET thoſe exult who will, and vaunt aloud
That lazy apathy they freedom call:
Still let them boaſt their hearts that ne'er have bow'd,
And days unconſcious yet of am'rous thrall.

For me, the breaſt to which its genial light
And balmy treaſures love did ne'er unfold,
Is but a loathſome grave, where the ſad ſprite
Bewilder'd lingers comfortleſs and cold.

Grieve thoſe who will, that where he reigns ſupreme
All thought is ſwallow'd up in him alone;
That honour, wealth, and fame we trifles deem,
Loſt to the world, and but to him unknown;

Ch' io per me non vorrei, ſe d' eccellente
Nettar ho copia, che guſtaſſe altr' eſca
Il delicato guſto di mia mente.

Prema a cui premer vuol, annoi e increſca
Che ſe non dopo un' aſpra e lunga pena
Raro un diſegno al bel deſir rieſca:

Ch' io per me sò, che a una allegrezza piena
Ir non ſi può, ſe per difficil via
Oſtinata ſperanza non vi mena.

Penſi chi vuol, ch' a la fatica ria,
Al tempo, ch' in gran ſomma vi ſi ſpende,
Debil guadagno e lieve premio ſia:

Ch' io per me dico, che ſe quanto offende
Sdegno, o repulſa, un guardo ſol riſtora,
Che fia pel maggior ben, ch' amor ne rende.

For me when the full cup with nectar flows,
Why the rich draught with baſer ſtreams alloy?
What equal joys to love can life oppoſe?
What life's too full a meaſure for that joy?

Grudge thoſe who will the many tedious years,
Ere yet the ſummit of our hopes we gain;
The quick viciſſitude of doubts and fears,
And long, long interval of anxious pain.

For well I ween, who aims at bliſs ſo high
Muſt know no coward dread of toil or care;
Still muſt the glorious proſpect fill his eye,
And ſanguine hope muſt bid him perſevere.

Think thoſe who will that to that heavy toil
Far, far unequal is its higheſt meed;
That we but labour in a thankleſs ſoil,
Where all we reap is an unthrifty weed:

For me, whoſe ev'ry wound one ſmile can heal,
And from remembrance blot each former ſlight,
What leſs than mightieſt tranſports ſhall I feel,
When crown'd in height of bliſs and full delight?

Paia a cui par, che perda ad or ad ora
Mille doni d' ingegno, e di fortuna,
Mentre il ſuo intento quì fiſſo dimora:

Ch' io per me, pur ch' io sia caro a quell' una
Ch' è mio onor, mia ricchezza e mio deſire,
Non ho a l' altrui corone invidia alcuna.

Ricordiſi chi vuol l' ingiurie ed ire,
E diſcorteſe obblii gli piacer tanti,
Che tante volte l' ha fatto gioire;

Ch' io per me non rammento ognun de' tanti
Oltraggi, unqua potermi arrecar doglia
E dolci affetti ho ſempre tutti innanti.

Penſi chi vuol che 'l tempo i lacci ſcioglia
Che amor annoda, che ci dorrem' anco
Nomando queſta leve e baſſa voglia:

Revolve they ſtill who will, and ſtill repent
That the loud calls of int'reſt paſs'd unheard;
Nor dar'd they graſp, while on this joy intent,
The gifts by nature or by chance conferr'd.

For me, ſo I but gain my fair one's love,
Dearer to me than titles, wealth, or fame,
In me no envy can thoſe triumphs move,
Which the ſtern pride of others loves to claim.

Remember they who will, and ſullen brood
O'er ev'ry offer'd wrong, or inſult ſhown:
But ſtill forget in that ungentle mood
Th' unbounded vaſt returns of bliſs they've known.

For me, no memory of former pain
Or ſlaviſh inſult in my mind can laſt;
While ev'ry joy ſurvives, and charms again
In the warm images of raptures paſt.

Think they who will, that this magician's chain,
Looſen'd by age, ſhall be diſſolv'd by time;
And we with thought maturer ſhall arraign
This mean and worthleſs folly of our prime:

Ch' io per me voglio al capel nero e bianco
Amar ed eſſortar che ſempre s' ami,
E s' in me tal voler dee venir manco
Spezzi or la Parca a la mia vita i ſtami.

For me, however old, a ſlave to love,
T' uphold its rights and empire ſhall be mine;
And ſhould fate will that recreant I muſt prove,
So may I with that faith my breath reſign.

DALL' AMINTA DEL TASSO.

FORSE ſe tu guſtaſſi anco una volta
La milleſima parte delle gioje,
Che guſta un cor amato riamando,
Direſti ripentita ſoſpirando:
Perduto è tutto il tempo
Che in amar non si ſpende.
O mia fuggita etate,
Quante vedove notti,
Quanti dì ſolitari
Ho conſommato indarno
Che ſi poteano impiegare in quest' uſo
Il qual più replicato, è più ſoave!
Cangia, cangia di conſiglio,
Pazzarella che ſei
Ch' il pentirſi da ſezzo nulla giova.

FROM TASSO'S AMINTA.

O Had'ſt thou known but once the thouſandth part,
But the leaſt tranſport of that warm delight,
That quinteſſence of bliſs which ſwells the heart
When ſouls in mutual bands of love unite;
That bliſs to love and be belov'd again!—
Full ſoon with ſighs repentant would'ſt thou ſay,
Waſted is ev'ry hour, and ſpent in vain,
That ſtole not in the ſweets of love away:
Ah me! for all my days thus lonely paſt,
And widow'd nights, loſt to that ſoft employ
Where never palls th' enjoyment on the taſte,
But repetition heightens ev'ry joy.
Then, oh! thy purpoſe change, coy, froward maid;
E'en now thy youth flits by on ſilken wings:
Fruitleſs and ſharp, when ev'ry charm is fled,
Will be the pangs which late repentance brings.

DEL ROTA.

QUEL che non voglio, io fo; e quel che vorrei
Non poſſo far: così mi punge e ſtringe
Stral venenato, e nodo forte, e ſpinge
Acuto ſpron di coſtumi empi e rei.
Altra legge ho contraria a' penſier' miei
Che là dove men debbo, ir mi coſtringe:
Scilla, Circe, Meduſa, Aletto e Sfinge
Mi ſtanno intorno, e mal fuggir ſaprei.
E te pur vita il mondo chiama, o centro
D' ogni miſeria! O van gioir che' accora!
Muro dorato fuor, ſepolcro dentro!
Bugiarda luce, onde vien notte ognora.
Laberinto, ov' io pur torno e rientro:
Lungo ſecolo al mal, breve al buon' ora!

FROM ROTA.

THAT I would not, I do: and that I would
I cannot: ſuch by tyrant cuſtom held
In heavy chains, and by ſharp ſpur impell'd
Of habit, weak I lie and all ſubdued.
By this ſtrange law conſtrain'd, where leaſt I ſhould
I go, while ev'ry better thought has fail'd;
And all my ſoul, by phantoms dire aſſail'd,
Shrinks back, nor ſees ſhe how their rage t' elude.
And calls the world thee, of each ill the home,
Thee, life! whoſe very joys a ſting can leave:
Dark grave within, though fair thy outward dome!
Uncertain light, that ſhin'ſt but to betray!
Lab'rinth in whoſe deep maze I pathleſs roam!
Short to the bleſt, an age to thoſe who grieve!

DEL ISTESSO.

DOLCE mortal venen, ſcorta fallace,
Soave obblio d' ogni amoroſa offeſa,
Rete ſotto bei fior naſcoſta e teſa,
Luſinghiera ſirena, inſtabil pace;
Speme, che allumi, e ſcuoti ogner la face
E d' amor l' arme aguzzi, a che conteſa
M' è l' uſata da te cara difeſa,
Contro la vita che ſi ſtrugge e tace.
Quel giorno tu, ch' entrò nell' alm' amore,
Piana via prometteſti a' miei deſiri,
Poi ten' ſei ita, ed io non trovo 'l guado.
Deh torna a far men gravi i miei martiri
Gradirò ben gl' inganni tuoi, che rado
Roca ſpeme non tempra alto dolore.

FROM THE SAME.

THOU poiſon deadly ſweet! thou treach'rous guide!
Oblivion ſoft of ev'ry love-deſpight!
Thou net conceal'd midſt flow'rets that invite!
Bewitching ſyren! Peace, that ne'er can 'bide!
O Hope! that ſharp canſt point and ſcatter wide
Love's pow'rful darts, and make his torch more bright!
How haſt thou fail'd t' aſſiſt in this ſad fight
My ſoul that waſtes with ills it fain would hide!
That day, when firſt I learn'd love's pow'r to fear,
Thou all my ſteps didſt promiſe ſtill to bleſs;
Now far art gone, nor can I find the paſs;
Oh! then return to make my torments leſs:
Pleas'd thy deceits I'll follow; for, alas!
How faint a ray of hope fond grief will cheer!

DEL ZAPPI.

SONNETTO I.

QUAND' io men vò verſo l' Aſcrea montagna
Mi ſi accoppia la gloria al deſtro fianco;
Ella dà ſpirti al cor, forza al piè ſtanco,
E dice, andiam, ch' io ti ſarò compagna.
Ma per la lunga inoſpita campagna
Mi ſi aggiunge l' invidia al lato manco,
E dice; anch' io ſon teco: al labro bianco
Veggo il velen, che nel ſuo cor ſi ſtagna.
Che far degg' io? ſe indietro io volgo i paſſi,
So che invidia mi laſſa, e m' abbandona,
Ma poi fia, che la gloria ancor mi laſſi.
Con ambe andar riſolvo alla ſuprema
Cima del monte. Una mi dia corona,
E l' altra il vegga, e ſi contorca e frema.

Sonnetto I.]—The Edition followed is that of Venice, 1770. It contains alſo verſes of other poets.

FROM ZAPPI.

SONNET I.

AS tow'rd th' Aſcrean mount I take my way
Attending glory at my right I hail:
She cheers my heart, forbids my feet to fail,
And "On," ſhe cries, "for I with thee will ſtay."
But as the long drear waſtes our ſteps delay,
Sudden does envy at my left aſſail,
And ſays, "I too am here:" her lips' dead pale
Speaks the black poiſons on her heart that prey.
What then remains? If back my courſe I take,
Envy, I know, that inſtant far is flown:
But then ſhall glory too my ſide forſake.
With both will I the mountain's topmoſt height
Reſolve to gain: the one my toil ſhall crown,
The other ſee't, and fret and burſt with ſpite,

DELL' ISTESSO.

SONNETTO XII.

IL Gondolier, ſebben la notte imbruna,
Remo non poſa, e fende il mar ſpumante,
Lieto cantando, a un bel raggio di luna,
Intanto Erminia in fra l' ombroſe piante;
Nè perchè roco ei fiaſi, o dolce ei cante,
Biaſmo n' acquiſta, o ſpera lode alcuna;
Canta così, perchè de' carmi è amante,
Non perchè il ſordo mar cangi fortuna.
Tal mi ſon io, che già per lungo errore
Solco un vaſto oceano, e veggio, o parmi,
Non lungo il porto, e canto inni d' amore.
Non canto nò per glorioſo farmi,
Ma vò paſſando il mar, paſſando l' ore,
E in vece degli altrui, canto i miei carmi.

Intanto Erminia]—From Taſſo's Gieruſalemme Liberata, canto 7. Travellers take notice of this Poet's verſes being ſung by the Gondoliers.

FROM THE SAME.

SONNET XII.

THE Gondolier, though thick the night deſcends,
Rows on, and through the foaming billow moves,
Blythe ſinging, while the moon her luſtre lends,
Erminia's flight along the ſhady groves.
Nor whether harſh his note, or ſweet it proves,
Blame does he meet, or praiſe to win intends;
He ſings ſo, but becauſe the ſtrain he loves,
Not that the wave to hear auſpicious bends.
E'en ſuch methinks am I, long doom'd to ſtray
O'er ſome vaſt deep, who ſee, or think I'm ſhewn,
My port at hand, and ſing my love-ſick lay.
I ſing not, no, to make my name more known,
But thus beguile the hour, beguile the way,
And, 'ſtead of others' ſongs, repeat my own.

DELL' ISTESSO.

SONNETTO XXX.

PRESSO è il dì, che cangiato il deſtin rio,
Rivedrò il viſo, che fà invidia a i fiori,
Rivedrò que' be' occhi, e in que' ſplendori
L' alma mia, che di là mai non partio;
Giugner già parmi, e dirle; amata Clori;
Odo il riſponder dolce, o Tirſi mio.
Rileggendoci in fronte i noſtri amori,
Che bel pianto faremo, e Clori, ed io!
Ella dirà; dov' è quel gruppo adorno
De' miei crin, ch' al partir io ti donai?
Ed io: miralo, o bella, al braccio intorno.
Diremo, io le mie pene, ella i ſuoi guai.
Vieni ad udirci, amor, vieni; in quel giorno
Qualche nuovo ſoſpiro imparerai.

FROM THE SAME.

SONNET XXX.

SOON, by glad change of fate, the day ſhall wake,
When I ſhall ſee that face, whoſe bluſhes ſhame
The flow'rs, and thoſe bright eyes, and in their flame
My ſoul, which ne'er would that bleſt ſeat forſake:
Methinks e'en now I'm there, and ſpeak her name;
And hear more ſoft from her "my Thyrſis" break.
As in our looks we read our loves the ſame,
What glorious moan ſhall I and Cloris make!
"Where is that knot, which with my hair I bound,
"And gave you when we parted laſt?" ſhe'll cry:
And I, "Lo! here, my fair, this arm around."
She all her cares will tell, my ſuff'rings I.
Thou at our ſide, O Love! that day be found:
E'en thou may'ſt learn ſome new delicious ſigh.

DEL FILICAJA.

QUI pur foſte, o città; nè in voi qui reſta
Teſtimon di voi ſteſſe un ſaſſo ſolo,
In cui ſi ſcriva: qui s' aperſe il ſuolo,
Qui fù Catania, e Siracuſa è queſta.
Io ſull' arena ſolitaria e meſta
Voi ſovente in voi cerco, e trovo ſolo
Un ſilenzio, un orror, che d' alto duolo
M' empie, e gli occhi mi bagna, e 'l piè m' arreſta.
E dico; O formidabile, O tremendo
Divin Giudizio! pur ti veggio, e ſento,
E non ti temo ancor, nè ancor t' intendo!
Deh ſorgete a moſtrar l' alto portento
Subiſſate cittadi! e ſia l' orrendo
Scheletro voſtro a i ſecoli ſpavento!

FROM FILICAJA.

HERE once ye ſtood, ye cities! now no more,
In witneſs of your place, one ſtone remains,
Where one may write "Here op'd the yawning [redacted] plains,
"Here Syracuſe, Catania ſtood of yore."
O'er your doleful ſolitary ſhore
You in yourſelves oft ſeek; where only reigns
A horrid ſtillneſs, that with ſorrow drains
My ſoul: my feet are check'd, my eyes run o'er.
And, oh! of wrath divine example dread!
I cry, I ſee thee, nor yet read thee right,
Nor to thy awful dictates bow my head!
Then riſe, o'erwhelmed cities! bring to light
The mighty wonder! let your huge bones ſpread,
And ſtrike each guilty age with juſt affright!

DELL' ISTESSO.

DOV' è, Italia, il tuo braccio, e a che ti ſervi
Tu dell' altrui? non è, s' io ſcorgo il vero,
Di chi t' offende il defenſor men fero;
Ambo nemici ſono, ambo fur ſervi.
Così dunque l' onor, così conſervi
Gli avanzi tu del glorioſo Impero?
Così al valor, così al valor primiero,
Che a te fede giurò, la fede oſſervi?
Or va: ripudia il valor priſco, e ſpoſa
L' ozio, e frà il ſangue, i gemiti, e le ſtrida,
Nel periglio maggior dormi e ripoſa.
Dormi, adultera vil, fin che omicida
Spada ultrice ti ſvegli, e ſonnacchioſa
E nuda in braccia al tuo fedel t' uccida.

FROM THE SAME.

WHERE, Italy, 's thy arm? or why ſeek'ſt thou
From others aid? Alike thy foe, if right
I deem, who guards thee, or who dares to fight;
Both once thy ſlaves, both would deſtroy thee now.
Thus doſt thou prize what yet the fates allow
Of empire, thus that fame which ſhone ſo bright?
Thus to thine ancient worth, which erſt could plight
His troth to thee, preſerv'ſt thou then thy vow?
Go then; that ancient worth repudiate, take
Sloth, and midſt blood and groans and clamours dread,
Sleep on, nor in thy utmoſt danger wake.
Sleep, vile adultreſs, till the murd'rous blade
Vengeful ſhall on thine idle ſlumbers break,
And pierce thee naked with thy minion laid.

TO A YOUNG LADY

WITH METASTASIO'S CANZONETS.

IF, ere you ope thoſe lips to ſing,
(Vain thought) or ſtrike the wire,
The meaning of the ſongs I bring
Mamma ſhould chance t' enquire;

Say that they treat of many a vow
By lovers made and broke;
By ſuch who, though reluctant, bow
To Cupid's tyrant yoke.

When by conflicting paſſions' fire
The ſtruggling ſoul's ſubdued;
By ſhame, reſentment, and deſire,
By hope and fear renew'd.

Such may perhaps ere long for thee
Some hopeleſs wretch conceal;
Such may, though now ſo cold and free,
That gentle boſom feel.

Happy, we're told, who never knew
The little urchin's pow'r:
Whoſe days in calm indiff'rence flew,
Without one reſtleſs hour.

But no ſuch ſelfiſh wiſh as this
For you the muſe ſhall frame;
Since you, to make another's bliſs,
Muſt ſhare another's flame.

Ne'er may you feel the pangs of love,
But for ſome faithful ſwain;
And fully then its pleaſures prove,
When you reward his pain.

LA LIBERTA.

DEL METASTASIO.

CANZONETTA III.

I.

GRAZIA all' inganni tuoi
Al fin reſpiro, o Nice,
Al fin d' un infelice
Ebber gli Dei pietà.
Sento da' lacci ſuoi
Sento che l' alma è ſciolta;
Non ſogno queſta volta
Non ſogno libertà.

LIBERTY.

FROM METASTASIO.

CANZONET III.

I.

THANKS to thy num'rous perjuries,
Nice, at length I breathe at eaſe;
The pitying Gods at length have heard
My vows ſo oft preferr'd:
I feel that from thy chain
My heart is loos'd, I feel I'm free,
Nor dream I now in vain,
Or only dream, of liberty.

II.

Mancò l' antico ardore
E ſon tranquillo a ſegno
Che in me non trova ſdegno
Per maſcherarſi amor.
Non cangio più colore
Quando il tuo nome aſcolto;
Quando ti miro in volto
Più non mi batte il cor.

III.

Sogno, ma te non miro
Sempre ne' ſogni miei;
Mi deſto, e tu non ſei
Il primo mio penſier.
Lungi da te m' aggiro
Senza bramarti mai;
Son teco, e non mi fai
Nè pena, nè piacer.

II.

So fully I'm reſtor'd to reſt,
So free from paſſion is my breaſt,
Love no reſentment there can find
To maſk itſelf behind.
Thy name by others told
I hear, nor does my colour fly:
Thy face though I behold,
No more my coward heart beats high.

III.

I dream, but ſtill as others do,
Nor in my dreams thy form I view;
I wake, nor com'ſt thou then unſought
My firſt and deareſt thought;
Thy preſence I can quit,
Nor feel the ſmalleſt wiſh to ſtay;
Though by thy ſide I ſit,
Thou canſt not make me ſad or gay.

IV.

Di tua beltà ragiono,
Nè intenerir mi ſento;
I torti miei rammento,
E non mi ſo ſdegnar.
Confuſo più non ſono
Quando mi vieni appreſſo,
Col mio rivale iſteſſo
Poſſo di te parlar.

V.

Volgimi il guardo altero,
Parlami in volto umano;
Il tuo diſprezzo è vano,
E vano il tuo favor:
Che più l' uſato impero
Quei labbri in me non hanno;
Quegli occhi più non ſanno
La via di queſto cor.

IV.

Coldly I talk of all thy charms,
The tale no more my boſom warms,
O'er all my wrongs in thought I range,
Nor pant for my revenge.
Thy coming I can ſee,
Nor trembling or confus'd appear,
And to diſcourſe of thee
E'en with my rival I can bear.

V.

Frown, if thou wilt, with ſtern diſdain,
Or mildly ſpeak in pitying ſtrain,
Thy haughtieſt frown no more I brook,
Nor prize thy kindeſt look.
For know thoſe lips have loſt
Their wonted abſolute controul;
Thoſe eyes no more can boaſt
The ready paſſage to my ſoul.

VI.

Quel che or m' alletta, o ſpiace,
Se lieto o meſto or ſono,
Già non è più tuo dono,
Già colpa tua non è.
Chè ſenza te mi piace
La ſelva, il colle, il prato;
Ogni ſoggiorno ingrato
M' annoia ancor con te.

VII.

Odi s' io ſon ſincero:
Ancor mi ſembri bella,
Ma non mi ſembri quella,
Che paragon non hà.
E (non t' offenda il vero)
Nel tuo leggiadro aſpetto
Or veggio alcun difetto
Che mi parea beltà.

VI.

Whate'er can charm me or diſpleaſe,
Whether in mis'ry or at eaſe,
No longer 'tis to thee I owe
The pleaſure or the woe.
Wood, hill, and dale I [illegible] trace,
Pleas'd, though my bliſs thou didſt not ſhare;
And each unpleaſant place
Unpleaſant ſeems though thou art there.

VII.

Hear me, and hence my credit weigh:
That thou art beauteous ſtill I ſay,
But think not ſtill, the whole world round,
Thy equal can't be found.
And in that beauteous face,
(Let not this truth thine ear offend)
Defects I now can trace
Which I for charms could once commend.

VIII.

Quando lo ſtral ſpezzai,
Confeſſo il mio roſſore,
Spezzar m' inteſi il core,
Mi parve di morir.
Ma per uſcir di guai
Per non vederſi oppreſſo,
Per racquiſtar ſe ſteſſo
Tutto ſi può ſoffrir.

IX.

Nel viſco in cui s' avvenne
Quell' augellin talora,
Laſcia le penne ancora,
Ma torna in libertà.
Poi le perdute penne
In pochi dì rinnova,
Cauto divien per prova
Nè più tradir ſi fa.

VIII.

When firſt I tore the ſhaft away,
Bluſhing my weakneſs I betray,
I felt as if my heart it tore,
And life itſelf was o'er.
But from ſuch bonds to flee,
From tyranny to ſleep ſecure,
One's ſelf again to be,
Nothing's too grievous to endure.

IX.

Lim'd in his too incautious flight
When in the ſnare he chanc'd t' alight,
Some plumes the bird may leave behind,
Yet 'ſcapes he unconfin'd.
And from his fears reliev'd,
Soon he repairs his plumage caſt,
Nor is again deceiv'd,
More cautious grown from dangers paſt.

X.

So che non credi eſtinto
In me l' incendio antico,
Perchè ſi ſpeſſo il dico,
Perchè tacer non ſo.
Quel naturale iſtinto
Nice, a parlar mi ſprona,
Per cui ciaſcun ragiona
De' riſchi che paſsò.

XI.

Dopo il crudel cimento
Narra i paſſati ſdegni,
Di ſue ferite i ſegni
Moſtra il guerrier così.
Moſtra così contento
Schiavo che uſcì di pena
La barbara catena
Che ſtraſcinava un dì.

X.

I know thou think'ſt that ill repreſs'd
The flame ſtill lurks within my breaſt,
Becauſe, though told ſo oft before,
I ſtill the tale run o'er.
Upon that theme to dwell
'Tis the ſame inſtinct leads me on,
That leads us all to tell
Of dangers that we've undergone.

XI.

When once the dear-bought victʼry's gain'd,
The ſoldier counts his toils ſuſtain'd,
And proud diſplays the num'rous ſcars
He got in former wars.
Thus ſhews with heart elate
The captive from his mis'ry fled,
Thoſe chains beneath whoſe weight
He lately bow'd his hopeleſs head.

XII.

Parlo, ma ſol parlando,
Me ſodisfar procuro:
Parlo, ma nulla io curo
Che tu mi preſti fè.
Parlò, ma non dimando
Se approvi i detti miei,
Nè ſe tranquilla ſei
Nel ragionar di me.

XIII.

Io laſcio un' incoſtante;
Tu perdi un cor ſincero;
Non ſo di noi primiero
Chi s' abbia a conſolar.
So che un ſi fido amante
Non troverà più Nice,
Che un' altra ingannatrice
E facile a trovar.

XII.

I ſpeak, but by thus ſpeaking try
Only myſelf to gratify;
I ſpeak, nor aſk if aught you pay
Of faith to what I ſay.
I ſpeak, nor aſk I e'er
If you to theſe my words agree,
Nor calm if you appear
When haply led to ſpeak of me.

XIII.

I from a fickle falſe one part:
You loſe a faithful conſtant heart:
Which of us beſt the loſs ſhall bear
I neither know nor care.
But love ſo true, I know,
Nice again will ſcarcely meet:
While ev'ry day can ſhew
Women her equals in deceit.

LA PALINODIA.

DELL' ISTESSO.

CANZONETTA IV.

I.

PLACA gli ſdegni tuoi,
Perdono, amata Nice;
L' error d' un infelice
E degno di pietà.
E ver, da' lacci ſuoi
Vantai che l' alm' è ſciolta:
Ma fu l' eſtrema volta
Ch' io vanti libertà.

THE PALINODE.

FROM THE SAME.

CANZONET IV.

I.

O Ceaſe, my fair, that ſtern diſdain,
For pardon, lo! I ſue again,
And ſure a madman's erring heat
May well with pity meet.
True, I did boaſt I'd caſt
Thy chains aſide, that I was free;
But that has been my laſt
Fond idle boaſt of liberty.

II.

E ver, l' antico ardore
Celar pretesi a segno,
Che mascherai lo sdegno
Per non scoprir l' amor.
Ma cangi o no colore,
Se nominar t' ascolto,
Ognun mi legge in volto
Come si stà nel cor.

III.

Pur desto ognor ti miro,
Non che ne' sogni miei;
Chè ovunque tu non sei,
Ti pinge il mio pensier.
Tu, se con te m' aggiro,
Tu, se ti lascio mai,
Tu delirar mi fai
Di pena, o di piacer.

II.

True 'twas, ſo ſtudiouſly I ſtrove
E'en from myſelf to hide my love,
That leſt it ſhould my pain reveal,
I could my rage conceal.
But let, when others ſpeak
Thy name, my colour change or no,
Too plainly on my cheek
The workings of my heart I ſhow.

III.

Not only dreaming, but awake,
Thou on my ev'ry thought doſt break,
For where thou art not ſtill I find
Thy image in my mind.
Thou, when on thee I wait,
Or when compell'd I quit thy ſide;
'Tis thou canſt rule my fate,
And on my weal or woe decide.

IV.

Di te s' io non ragiono,
Infaſtidir mi ſento,
Di nulla mi rammento,
Tutto mi fà ſdegnar.
A nominarti io ſento
Sì avvezzo a chi m' appreſſo,
Che al mio rivale iſteſſo
Soglio di te parlar.

V.

Da un ſol tuo ſguardo altero
Da un ſol tuo detto umano
Io mi difendo in vano,
Sia ſprezzo, o ſia favor.
Fuor che il tuo dolce impero
Altro deſtin non hanno
Chè ſecondar non ſanno
I moti del mio cor.

IV.

All talk but what to thee relates
My ſoul with ſcorn rejects and hates;
Of all unmindful I am ſeen,
  Each object moves my ſpleen.
  Such happineſs I deem
To ſpeak of thee to all I meet,
  That oft the favour'd theme
E'en to my rival I repeat.

V.

Whether an angry frown thou wear,
Or ſooth with one ſoft word my care,
Againſt thy love or thy diſdain
  My heart I ſteel in vain.
  Save thy enchanting ſway,
My heart no cauſe of action knows:
  That only loves t' obey,
By that alone 'tis warm'd or froze.

VI.

Ogni piacer mi ſpiace,
Se grato a te non ſono;
Ciò che non è tuo dono,
Contento mio non è.
Tutto con te mi piace
Sia colle, o ſelva o prato;
Tutto è ſoggiorno ingrato
Lungi, ben mio, da te.

VII.

Or parlerò ſincero;
Non ſol mi ſembri bella
Non ſol mi ſembri quella
Che paragon non ha;
Ma ſpeſſo, ingiuſto al vero,
Condanno ogni altro aſpetto;
Tutto mi par difetto
Fuor che la tua beltà.

VI.

Unleſs thoſe eyes approving glow,
My bliſs neglected turns to woe;
Content in nothing can I ſee,
  Save what's deriv'd from thee.
  Each object gives delight,
Wood, hill, and dale, ſo thou art by;
  But ſhould'ſt thou quit my ſight,
As ſoon their ſhort-liv'd beauties fly.

VII.

Now will I ſpeak without diſguiſe;
Thy charms not only do I prize,
And think thee that bewitching fair,
  Whoſe form's beyond compare;
  But oft do I condemn,
Unjuſt to truth, each other face;
  All is defect in them,
In thee alone I look for grace.

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VIII.

Lo ſtral già non ſpezzai;
Chè in van, per mio roſſore,
Farlo tentai dal core,
E ne credei morir.
Ah per uſcir di guai
Più me ne vidi oppreſſo;
Ah di tentar l' iſteſſo
Più non potrei ſoffrir.

IX.

Nel viſco in cui s' avvenne
Quell' augellin talora,
Scuote le penne ancora,
Cercando libertà;
Ma in agitar le penne
Gl' impacci ſuoi rinnova;
Più di fuggir fa prova
Piu prigionier ſi fà.

VIII.

Too true, the ſhaft I did not break,
For vainly, to my ſhame I ſpeak,
To pluck it from my heart I tried,
And trying near had died.
Still as I ſtrove, my chain,
Inſtead of loos'ning, heavier grew;
Too ſharp I felt the pain,
The ſame mad ſtruggles to renew.

IX.

Lim'd by the fowler where he lies,
Still ſtruggling ſtrives the bird to riſe,
And ſtill his pinions ſpreads to fly
In ſearch of liberty:
But as his wings he ſhakes,
Deeper he's tangled in the ſnare;
Each effort that he makes
But binds him more a pris'ner there.

X.

No, ch' io non bramo eſtinto
Il caro incendio antico;
Quanto più ſpeſſo il dico,
Meno bramarlo ſo.
Sai che un loquace iſtinto
Gli amanti a' detti ſprona;
Ma fin che ſi ragiona
La fiamma non paſsò.

XI.

Biaſma nel rio cimento
Di Marte ognor gli ſdegni
E ognor di Marte a' ſegni
Torna il guerrier così.
Torna così contento
Schiavo che uſcì di pena,
Per uſo alla catena,
Che deteſtava un dì.

X.

Ah no! I do not wiſh to part
With the dear flame that warms my heart!
The more I ſay't, the more do I
  My real thoughts belie.
  Thou know'ſt the lover's pains;
How reſtleſs nature bids him rail:
  But while he thus complains,
He proves how fierce his flames prevail.

XI.

Beneath its hardſhips while he groans
The ſoldier thus his fate bemoans;
Yet where his ſtandards point the way,
  Still turns to join the fray.
  E'en thus from bondage fled
The wretch returns his chains to bear:
  Thoſe chains, at firſt his dread,
From habit now he courts to wear.

XII.

Parlo, ma ognor parlando
Di te parlar procuro;
Ma nuovo amor non curo
Non ſo cambiar di fè.
Parlo, ma poi dimando
Pietà de' detti miei;
Parlo, ma ſol tu ſei
L' arbitra ognor di me.

XIII.

Un cor non incoſtante,
Un reo così ſincero,
Ah! l' amor tuo primiero
Ritorni a conſolar.
Nel ſuo pentito amante
Almen la bella Nice
Un' alma ingannatríce
Sa che non può trovar.

XII.

I ſpeak, but ſtill of thee to ſpeak,
Spite of each thin diſguiſe, I ſeek:
But no new love this heart can brook;
  Its faith remains unſhook.
  I ſpeak, but inſtant pray
For pardon of each haſty vow:
  And ſtill, what'er I ſay,
Thou rul'ſt my fate, and only thou.

XIII.

A heart ſo true to former ties,
A criminal without diſguiſe,
Thy firſt, thy fondeſt love, ah! deign
  To cheriſh once again.
  Secure in this I reſt:
No feign'd repentance need ſhe fear:
  Long has ſhe known this breaſt,
And knows no treaſon harbours there.

DELL' ISTESSO.

LA PARTENZA.

CANZONETTA V.

I.

ECCO quel fiero iſtante
Nice, mia Nice, addio;
Come virò, ben mio
Così lontan da te?
Io vivrò ſempre in pene
Io non avrò piu bene;
E tu, chi ſa ſe mai
Ti ſovverrai di me.

FROM THE SAME.

THE FAREWELL.

CANZONET V.

I.

THE fatal moment now draws near,
Nice, this laſt adieu receive:
But how ſhall I endure to live
So far, my love, from thee?
Still ſhall I lead a life of woe,
No bliſs, nor comfort ſhall I know;
And thou, who knows if e'er
Thou'lt waſte a thought on me?

II.

Soffri che in traccia almeno
Di mia perduta pace
Venga il penſier ſeguace
Su l' orme del tuo piè.
Sempre nel tuo cammino.
Sempre, m' avrai vicino ;
E tu, chi ſa ſe mai
Ti ſovverrai di me !

III.

Io fra rimote ſponde
Meſto volgendo i paſſi
Andrò chiedendo i ſaſſi
La ninfa mia dov' è.
Dall' una all' altra aurora
Te andrò chiamando ognora,
E tu, chi ſa ſe mai,
Ti ſovverrai di me !

II.

Yet let my ſoul this bleſſing ſhare,
In ſearch of loſt repoſe to fly,
Where'er in fancy's glaſs her eye
Thy footſteps ſeems to ſee.
Watchful where'er thy courſe is wound,
Still at thy ſide ſhall I be found,
And thou, who knows if e'er
Thou'lt waſte a thought on me?

III.

Midſt deſert ſhades, and caverns drear,
My lonely walk I ſtill ſhall ply,
And to the rocks re-echoing cry,
Where, where, alas! is ſhe?
From one to each ſucceeding morn
Still ſhall I pour the ſtrain forlorn,
And thou, who knows if e'er
Thou'lt waſte a thought on me?

IV.

Io rivedrò ſovente
Le amene piagge o Nice,
Dove vivea felice
Quando vivea con te.
A me ſaran tormento
Cento memorie e cento
E tu, chi ſa ſe mai
Ti ſovverrai di me!

V.

Ecco dirò, quel fonte
Dove avvampò di ſdegno
Ma poi di pace in pegno
La bella man mi diè;
Qui ſi vivea di ſpeme,
Là ſi languiva inſieme:
E tu, chi ſa ſe mai
Ti ſovverrai di me.

IV.

Full oft ſhall anxious I repair
To thoſe bleſt plains, how pleaſing, then!
Which ſaw me happieſt once of men,
When giv'n to live with thee.
A thouſand ſcenes recall'd to mind
A thouſand ſtings ſhall leave behind,
And thou, who knows if e'er
Thou'lt waſte a thought on me!

V.

Lo! ſhall I ſay, that fount, 'twas there
That once ſhe kindled with diſdain,
But ſoon ſtretch'd out her hand again,
The pledge of peace to be.
Here with ſweet hopes we cheer'd the day,
There languiſhing together lay;
And thou, who knows if e'er
Thou'lt waſte a thought on me!

VI.

Quanti vedrai giungendo
Al' nuovo tuo ſoggiorno,
Quanti venirti intorno
A offrirti amore e fè!
Oh dio! chi ſa fra tanti
Teneri omaggi, e pianti,
Oh dio! chi ſa ſe mai
Ti ſovverrai di me!

VII.

Penſa qual dolce ſtrale,
Cara, mi laſci in ſeno,
Penſa che amò Fileno
Senza ſperar mercè,
Penſa, mia vita, a queſto
Barbaro addio funeſto;
Penſa.... Ah! chi ſa ſe mai
Ti ſovverrai di me!

VI.

What crowds their anxious courſe ſhall ſteer
To that gay ſeat that claims thee now;
And all in one repeated vow
Of love and truth agree.
Oh heav'ns! who knows, while all theſe ſighs,
Theſe tender off'rings round thee riſe;
Oh heav'ns! who knows if e'er
Thou'lt waſte a thought on me!

VII.

Think what a pleaſing dart, my fair,
Thou leav'ſt to rankle in my breaſt,
Think that, though hope was ſtill repreſs'd,
I bore thy ſlave to be.
Think on this fatal barb'rous day
That tears me from thy ſight away;
Think—ah! who knows if e'er
Thou'lt waſte a thought on me.

LA TEMPESTA.

DELL' ISTESSO.

CANTATA VII

NO, non turbarti, o Nice; io non ritorno
A parlarti d' amor. So che ti ſpiace;
Baſta così. Vedi che il ciel minaccia
Improviſa tempeſta; alle capanne
Se vuoi ridurre il gregge, io vengo ſolo
A offrir l' opra mia. Che! non paventi?
Oſſerva che a momenti

THE TEMPEST.

FROM THE SAME.

CANTATA VII.

NO, be not mov'd, my Nice: 'tis not now
To ſpeak to thee of love I come: I know
The theme how thankleſs, and I yield: of that
Enough. Thou ſee'ſt how all around the ſky
Threatens a ſudden ſtorm: haply thy flock
Thou'lt gather to thy fold; I only come
To proffer thee my aid. How? fear'ſt thou not?
Obſerve how as I ſpeak

Tutto s' oſcura il ciel, che il vento in giro
La polve innalza e le cadute foglie.
Al fremer della ſelva, al volo incerto
Degli augelli ſmarriti, a queſte rare,
Che ci cadon ſul volto, umide ſtille,
Nice io preveggo..... Ah! non tel diſſi, o Nice,
Ecco il lampo, ecco il tuono. Or che farai?
Vieni, ſenti; ove vai? non è più tempo
Di penſare alla greggia. In queſto ſpeco
Riparati frattanto: io ſarò teco.
Ma tu tremi, o mio teſoro,
Ma tu palpiti, cor mio,
Non temer, con te ſon io,
Ne d' amor ti parlerò.
Mentre folgori, e baleni
Sarò teco, amata Nice,
Quando il ciel ſi raſſereni,
Nice ingrata, io partirò.
Sedi, ſicura ſei. Nel ſen di queſta
Concava rupe in fin ad or giammai
Fulmine non percoſſe,

E'en now the ſky is clouded, and the wind
In eddies blows the duſt, and the fall'n leaves.
By the trees' hollow murmur, by the birds,
That here and there in wild amazement fly,
And by the few big drops that on our cheeks
Are falling, I foreſee... Ah! ſaid I not?
Already ſee the lightning's flaſh! and hark
The thunder! What remains now? This way haſte!
Hear me! Ah! whither goeſt thou? 'Tis no time
Now of thy flock to think:—In yonder cave
Shelter thyſelf awhile, and I'll ſtay with thee.
But thou trembleſt, O my fair,
Still thou panteſt, O my ſoul,
Fear not, I will ſtill be near,
Nor of love a word will ſay.
While lightnings flaſh, and thunders roll,
Nice belov'd, I here remain:
Soon as the ſky is calm again,
Nice ingrate, I haſte away.
Sit, thou'rt in ſafety here; for never yet
Within the boſom of this hollow grot
The angry bolt has fall'n,

Lampo non penetrò. L' adombra intorno
Folta ſelva d' allori
Che preſcrive del ciel limiti all' ira.
Siedi, bell' idol mio; ſiedi e reſpira.
Ma tu pure al fianco mio
Timoroſa ti ſtringi, e, come io voglia
Fuggir da te, per trattenermi annodi
Frà le tue la mia man? Rovini il cielo,
Non dubitar, non partirò. Bramai
Sempre un sì dolce iſtante. Ah così foſſe
Frutto dell' amor tuo non del timore!
Ah laſcia, o Nice, ah laſcia
Luſingharmene almen. Chi ſà? mi amaſti
Sempre forſe fin or. Fù il tuo rigore
Modeſtia e non diſprezzo; e forſe queſto
Eccesſivo ſpavento
E preteſto all' amor. Parla, che dici?
M' appongo al ver? Tu non riſpondi? Abbaſſi
Vergognoſa lo ſguardo?
Arroſiſci? Sorridi? Intendo, intendo.
Non parlar, mia ſperanza:

Or lightning's flaſh has pierc'd. See, all around
With grove of thickeſt ſhade
The laurel ſpreads, and bounds the wrath of Heav'n.
Sit, my fair angel, ſit, and freely breathe.
Yet ſtill, with fear o'ercome,
Cloſe to my ſide thou creep'ſt, and, as I mean't
From thee to fly, firmly, to fix me here,
Thou knitt'ſt thy hands in mine. No, though the ſky
Should burſt in ruins o'er us, fear me not,
I will not ſtir:—Still has my fondeſt hope
But aſk'd ſo ſweet a moment. Were but love,
And not thy fear the cauſe! Ah, let me, Nice,
Ah! let me hug awhile
The dear deluſion. Yet who knows? Perhaps
Thou ſtill haſt lov'd me: and what I for ſcorn
Complain'd of was but maiden modeſty
And coy reſerve. And haply this exceſs
Of fear is but the cloak
With which thou hid'ſt thy love? What ſay'ſt thou? Speak.
Preſum'd I right? Thou'rt ſilent, and to earth
Declin'ſt a baſhful look!
Thou bluſheſt now! thou ſmileſt! Yes, I catch,

Quel riſo, quel roſſor dice abbaſtanza.

E pur frà le tempeſte
La calma ritrovai;
Ah non ritorni mai
Mai più ſereno il dì.
Queſto de' giorni miei
Queſto è 'l più chiaro giorno.
Viver così vorrei
Vorrei morir così.

Yes well I read thy meaning, deareſt maid,
Nor aſk thee more to ſpeak.
Enough for me thoſe ſmiles, thoſe bluſhes tell.
Thus 'mid the tempeſt's roar
A heartfelt calm I've found.
Ah! would the ſun return no more
Unclouded here to ſhine.
This in my days' whole round,
This was my brighteſt day decreed:
E'en thus my life to lead,
E'en thus to die be mine.

FROM THE GREEK OF SIMONIDES.

Ὅτι λαρναξι εν δαιδαλεᾳ ανεμος, κ. τ. λ.

WHEN now the well-wrought bark around
Whiſtled the winds with ſhriller ſound,
And with increaſing rage impell'd
Againſt its ſides the billows ſwell'd,
Sudden ſhe threw with anguiſh wild
Her arms around her ſleeping child,
And " O !" ſhe ſaid, " my ſon, what cares
" For thee thy wretched mother bears !
" Whilſt thou canſt ſink in ſoft repoſe,
" Inſenſible to all thy woes,
" Though in this cheerleſs home, where night
" Glimmers with dim uncertain light ;
" Nor heed'ſt the daſhing wave, that yet
" Has ſpar'd thy flowing hair to wet ;

" Nor hear'ſt the hollow murm'ring wind;
" Upon thy purple veſt reclin'd,
" With all thy bloom by fear uncheck'd,
" In all thy native beauty deck'd.
" Yet wert thou conſcious of thy fate,
" Or knew'ſt what dangers round thee wait,
" Then ſurely thou thy little ear
" Would'ſt turn a mother's plaint to ſhare,
" Nor ſhould I weep thus all alone.—
" Yet ſtill ſecure, my babe, ſleep on;
" And ſleep with him, thou troubled deep,
" And ye, my boundleſs ſorrows, ſleep! *"

* See No. 89 of the Adventurer, for this fragment and an imitation of it.

IMITATION OF ANACREON.

Θελω λεγειν Ατρειδας, κ. τ. λ.

OF old I tun'd my ſober lays
Of moral ſong to win the bays,
And ſometimes laſh'd each buſy fool,
And follow'd piercing ridicule;
But now, alas! if e'er the ſame
I would again attempt, O ſhame!
Whene'er I come the ſong to prove,
My voice will echo only love.
I turn'd anew my ſerious thought
To all that heroes whilome wrought:
What ſages teach, and what records
All learning's mighty war of words:
'Twas ſtill the ſame: in vain I heard
How buſy reaſon in me ſtirr'd;
Both heart and lyre I found combin'd
In treaſon to my better mind.

Oh! then farewel the moral ſtrain!
Rouſe not this coward breaſt in vain:
Heroes and ſages quit the field,
And to a pow'r more preſent yield.
In vain the way by Wiſdom's ſhown
To calm content; more dear is grown
Love with the thouſand ills he deals;—
For who can ſing but what he feels?—

IMITATION OF ANACREON.

Χαλεπον το μη φιλησαι, κ. τ. λ.

HARD is the lot of him, whoſe rugged heart
Ne'er felt love's pleaſing ſmart;
Hard too their lot, who the ſoft wiles of love
Too exquiſitely prove;
But far more hard his lot, whoe'er has burn'd
With paſſion unreturn'd.
And vainly now each honeſt art we ſtrain
The glorious prize to gain;
Birth, wit, or worth, all bootleſs now they hold,
And bow alone to gold.
Curs'd be the wretch, who, lur'd by hopes of gain,
Firſt dug the tempting grain:
And doubly curſt who ſtamp'd with partial ſign
A value on the mine.

This makes the warrior, murd'rer range uncheck'd;
And, far more dire effect!
Fatal to lovers 'twill the knot unbind,
With which their life's entwin'd.